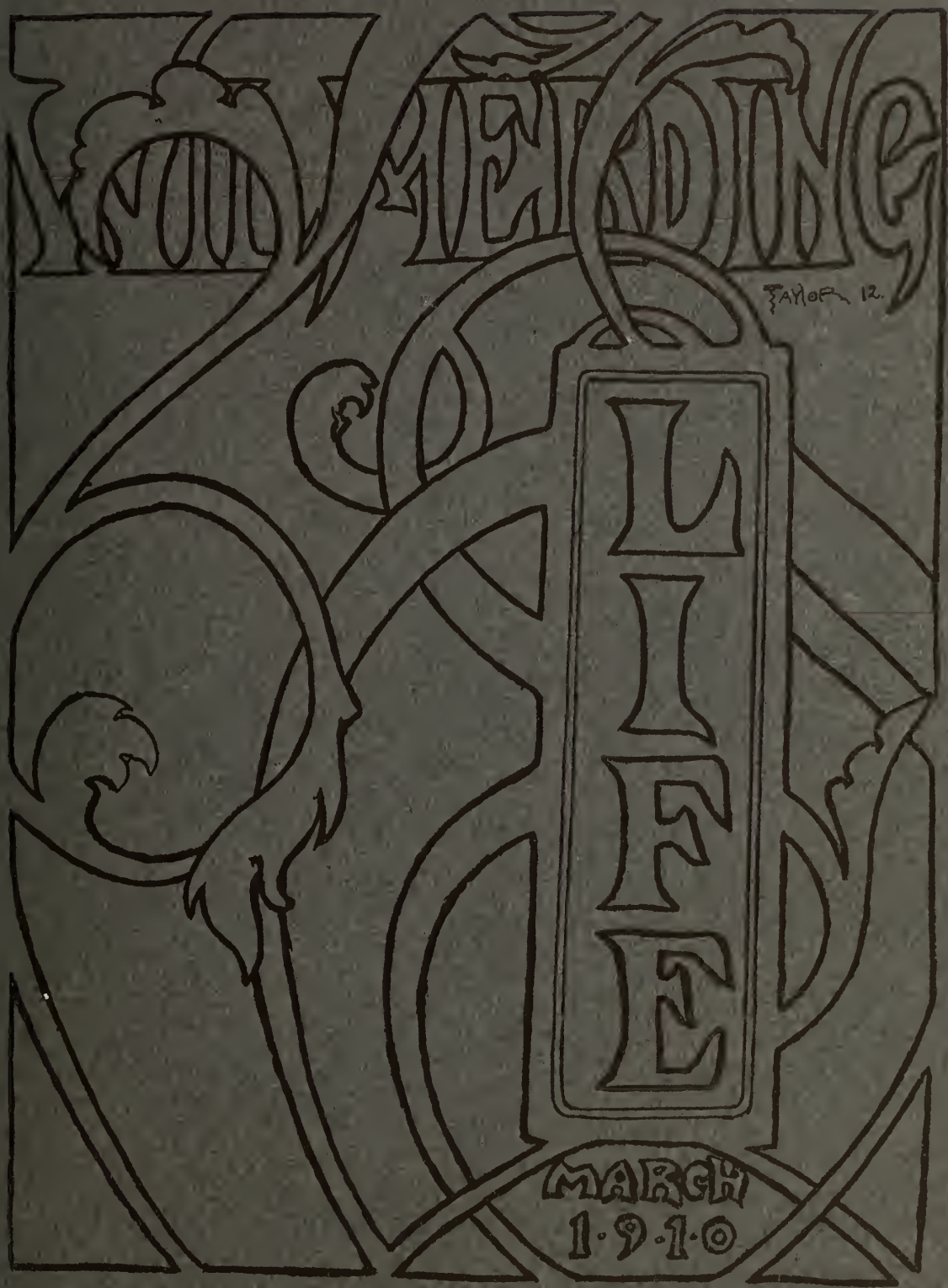
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THE WILMERDING LIFE

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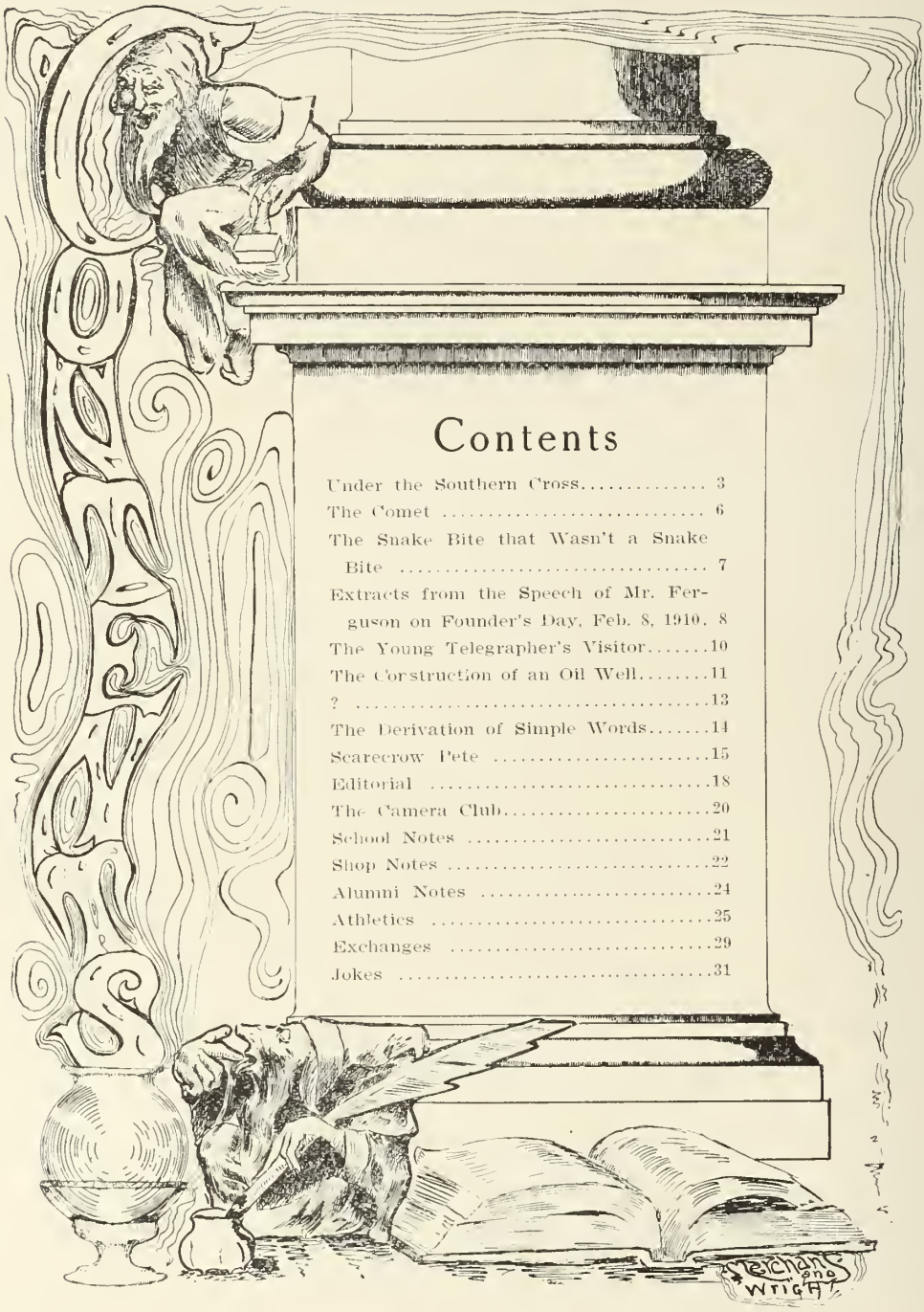

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The Wilmerding Life

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Under the Southern Cross

HOMER SOSSO.

It is my custom to spend a day at the beach whenever the opportunity offers itself. Nothing delights me so much as to sit on the sand and read, or to go wading in the surf, or to search for shells and sea-weed.

On one of my excursions I happened to wander far down the beach. Here the shells were large and unbroken, and the sea-weed grotesque and strange. While wading out after a curious sea-weed I saw a bottle floating out beyond the breakers. At first I paid little attention to it, but, as the inflowing tide brought it nearer, I noticed that its interior was white, in contrast with the dark glass of the bottle itself. Curious to know what it contained I waded out farther, and after some difficulty, succeeded in securing it.

When I reached the shore I examined it more closely. It was of dark glass, yet not so dark as to conceal the paper which it contained. The top was corked with a plug of wood, sealed over with tar. Far up on the beach where I could examine its contents undisturbed I took my knife and opened it. A glance at the contents showed me that it was a manuscript of some kind. The writing on it was blurred, and it was with some difficulty that I could read it. As it was of some length I put it in my pocket, and hurried home to look it over at my leisure.

So strange did the events related in the manuscript seem that I determined to place it before the public. It is here unaltered, except such parts as I could not decipher and was forced to fill in out of my imagination.

* * * * * * * * * *

I was born in the little village of Barmouth, England, on the 17th of June, 1802. My father was a thorough sailor, and had been in command of many ships. My mother came of a seafaring family, so it would seem natural that I should take to the sea. Yet, strange to say, I had a great dislike for the sea. At playtime I would wander in the fields and woods, but nothing could induce me to go down near the beach. As I grew older my dislike modified itself somewhat, but I refused to consider my father's proposition to take a position on board ship.

As great was my fear for the sea, as was my love for books. At an early age I graduated from the village school; my father, recognizing my great love for learning, sent me to a larger school in London to continue my studies. From there I entered Oxford, and at the age of twenty re-

ceived my diploma. Unwisely for me, I had taken no special studies for a profession, so that when it came to more practical considerations I found I had no means of supporting myself.

It was in this predicament that I returned home to spend a vacation. When I arrived I found my father had a visitor; this was a Spanish gentleman from Brazil, and his daughter, a native of Brazil. He had come to study English ships and shipping, and also to give his daughter an English education. My father had been recommended to him as an authority on ships, so he came with the intention of staying several days. When he heard of my reputation as an all around man of knowledge he lost no time in offering me a position as a tutor to his daughter. The salary was to be twenty pounds a month.

His daughter, dark-eyed with raven hair, and beautiful features, was about eighteen years of age. Up to this time I had always been very distrustful of the fair sex and avoided making their acquaintance. There is a time in every man's life when he will fall a prey to woman's lures. My time had now come, though I was unaware of it. For three months I taught her, and during all this time I was learning to love her. It was the next month that I was made the happiest man on earth, obtaining not only her consent, but her father's, to our marriage.

That was in May. In July we were married, and for our honeymoon we intended to visit her home in South America. Knowing my position, her father offered me a place as manager of his business. Bidding my parents a fond farewell, and promising sometime to return (a promise which I was unable to fulfill), I departed.

As disagreeable as the trip across the ocean was, no complaint crossed my lips. All went well and we landed a day sooner than we expected. I became installed in my new position, and day after day went by, uncrossed by a shadow of sorrow.

One day, about a year after leaving my home, my employer came to me and said he desired to speak to me privately. Wondering, I followed him into his office, where he motioned me to be seated. Then he proposed a plan which fairly astounded me. He proposed to take a ship and sail South in an attempt to reach the Pole. According to the account of some fishermen, there was a passage through the ice during the months of May and June.

Leaving me to think the matter over he went out. What could I do? I owed everything to this man, and yet, could I leave my wife and child? But curiosity, and my eagerness to distinguish myself, settled the matter. And when my employer returned I accepted his offer.

For over six months preparation went on, and by January everything was ready for our voyage. Nothing was to be done until May 1st, the day set for our departure. Many times I faltered, and thought of excusing myself, but finally conquered my irresolution, and when the time arrived I was ready to go.

On the 1st of May we said our last farewell and set sail for what proved

to be a most disastrous adventure. Unfavorable winds and other difficulties retarded our progress so that it was the 20th before we passed the Cape. Two days later we reached the ice fields. The passage was open and we proceeded with little difficulty, until we reached the 88th parallel. Here a calm came on, and the next day the passage closed, freezing the ship in and making us prisoners.

No watch was kept, as there was no chance of an accident, surrounded as we were by the ice. Three days passed, each monotonously like the one before it. At about three o'clock on the night of the fourth day I awoke—there was an ominous feeling in the air. Unable to sleep I lay thinking over the events of the last few years. Would I ever see my wife and child again? If we reached the Pole, fame and honor awaited us, if not, death might be our only reward.

Suddenly a dull roar startled me. Listening carefully I awaited; each minute the sound increased in volume. Alarmed, I arose, dressed rapidly and hurried up on deck. The night was clear and the stars shining with an unusual brightness. As the sound grew greater I noticed that the ship began to tremble. Nearer and nearer grew the noise, and the ship kept swaying to and fro. As my mind became tranquil, I recognized the cause as an earthquake. When the temblor had passed I saw before me the blue sea. The earthquake had broken up the ice, and the ship was free to proceed. The shout of joy which I uttered caused the rest of the crew to hurry on deck. The men started cheering, but stopped when my employer, the captain, called the crew's attention to the fact that a breeze was blowing.

Before dawn we were clear of the broken ice and bowling along with every sail set. Again the days slipped by until the 89th parallel was passed. One day all were below except the steersman, when a cry of "There's land ho!" brought us tumbling on deck. In the distance loomed a dul gray colored island. No sign of any habitation could we perceive. I hardly think any of us expected a living being in this God-forsaken place, yet we all eagerly scanned the stern cliffs and shelving beach.

The captain ordered the boats lowered, and everybody tumbled in. I alone was left, having wrenched my leg so severely as to render me incapable of easy movement.

Anxiously I watched the receding boats. As they reached the shore they shouted and waved their hats. Immediately the place was alive with men, swarming out of caves hollowed in the face of the cliff. The crew was surrounded by a mob of excited, shouting people. The frightened Brazilians called to me for help. I thought of jumping into a boat and rowing to assist them, but with the return of my self-possession the foolishness of the idea struck me. My eyes fell on a cannon, of which there were two on deck, and I remembered the captain had shown me how to touch it off. Pointing it the best I could I fired. Instead of the consternation I expected, the outcry increased and some of the men ran up a path in the cliff where their movements were concealed from me.

Suddenly I heard a great roar, followed by a lurch of the ship which

threw me against the bulwarks. Dazed and frightened I rushed to the side and looked over; there a hole had been ripped through the planking, just such a hole as a cannon ball would make.

Partly recovering from my fright I realized that the ship was sinking fast. Knowing but little about ships I cut the ropes holding the dory, hurriedly gathered some provisions, threw them in and lowered myself in after. In a short time the ship sank, nearly swamping the boat. The sea was now in a most violent commotion, caused by another and heavier earthquake. Great waves threatened to dash the boat to pieces. While on the crest of one of these waves I saw the island topple, lift and finally disappear in a smother of spray.

Three days have gone by since the island sank. In two days the scant provisions which I brought will be consumed. I have written an account of all which has happened, and intend sealing it in a bottle and sending it afloat. To-day a body came floating by, and by paddling with my hands I was able to reach it. I had no difficulty in recognizing in the features a type of the Mongolian race. It was certainly the body of one of the islanders. Could it be that in their early migrations they had wandered so far south and made a settlement in the Antarctic?

My food has given out. By to-morrow the water will be gone. If any person should find this record of our voyage which I am enclosing in a bottle and trusting to the mercy of the seas, let it be my hope and prayer that he will endeavor to communicate what will probably be my fate to my dear wife. Tell her——

* * * * * * * * * *

Here the manuscript abruptly ends, the last few pages being so blurred they were absolutely illegible, thus furnishing no clew to the identity of the writer, or to his unfortunate companions, or to the ship in which they sailed on their search for the South Pole.

The Comet

E. Nelson.

Did you see the comet? No! Well, you missed something great. I am not an astronomer, but I will try to describe it.

When I saw the comet it looked like a big searchlight. It passes Venus about six-thirty and disappears about five or ten minutes later. Its tail is so long and bright that it can be seen for half an hour after the comet disappears.

This celestial vagrant, as it is called, caused quite a little excitement among astronomers, as it was not expected. It is not Halley's comet, as many have thought, but is to be known as A of 1910. Astronomers say that this comet is traveling at the rate of 120 miles a second. Think of it! Around the world in about five minutes!

The Snake Bite That Wasn't a Snake Bite

Wm. Sublette.

India is known all over the world for being the country of snakes, as well as tigers and other dangerous animals. One may come across the first at almost any place, in fields or on mountain sides and even around dwellings. It was at this latter place that the events of this story occurred.

It was a warm day in June, and, being too warm to stay in the house, Mr. Renolds, Mr. Smith and Mr. Sydney decided to go out on the veranda, that being a nice cool place as well as having a splendid view over the valley. The veranda, being about a foot from the ground, had no railings around it, and at the north end were a bench and table. Mr. Sydney took his seat near the edge of the porch and Mr. Renolds next to him, while Mr. Smith sat on the other side of Mr. Renolds. They agreed to tell stories instead of playing games. Mr. Smith, who knew the best stories, as they thought, was in the midst of a funny one called the "Chinaman's Surprise," when Mr. Sydney let out a shriek that startled the other two and, jumping up, told his friends that he had been bitten by a snake. He was hurried into the house and had the bite cut open and the poison taken out. The supposed bite was on the calf of his leg, but there was really no sign of a bite, only a small black and blue spot, and he never suffered any bad effects from it. The next day he was sitting on the same bench but this time in the middle, Mr. Smith being the one to the edge of the porch, while Mr. Renolds sat on the south end of the bench. This time they preferred to play games. Being in the midst of one, there were startled by Mr. Smith, who jumped up, greatly excited, saying that he was bitten by a snake. He was hurried into the house, but said he wouldn't have the bite attended to. He also received no bad results and was on the porch again the next day. This time Mr. Renolds, knowing the case of Mr. Smith didn't prove fatal, would himself sit near the edge of the porch and keep a good lookout for the snake that had caused all the trouble, but he was too interested in something that Mr. Smith was saying to keep a close watch, when he became the victim of the same happening. He didn't jump out of his seat as did the others, but looked down over the edge of the porch and saw the large gander of the ranch ready to give him another peck.

The gander had come there for a cool place to rest and these men, who were disturbing him by the noise they made, were not liked by him, and each time he had pecked the one who was nearest to him.

Extracts From the Speech of Mr. Ferguson on Founder's Day, February 8, 1910

(Arranged by Elmer J. Nichols, from the notes of Boyle, Turnbull, Peabody, Reinhertz, Stephens and Boldeman.)

Mr. Chairman, Teachers and Pupils of the Wilmerding School: I am glad to have the privilege of speaking to you to-day about trade schools.

When Mr. Merrill asked me to speak to you he said there was only one condition, and that was that I speak not over fifteen minutes. That reminds me of a story I heard. A speaker got up before an audience and asked what he should speak about. A little boy in a corner of the room called out, "About a minute, sir."

I am in entire sympathy with trade schools because my parents had the good sense to teach me to work with my hands, and that knowledge has been of as much value to me as my university education.

I have always considered this school a school of work and not of play, and I was very much interested, when I visited your school the other day, to see the boys at work, some learning how to wire a house, some learning to lay bricks, and some to plumb. There were also some learning to make chairs and tables, all of which tends to develop industrious, capable workmen.

This is not an ordinary school, as it stands in a class by itself. There is no other school in California or the West like the Wilmerding school. It stands by itself because of the practical nature of its various branches and because Mr. Wilmerding's idea of plenty of work and little study is being carried out.

About ninety per cent of the people must work, but many fail because they have not been properly trained for their life work.

I was once in a school where it was proposed that they teach the girls how to sew and cook, and I was surprised to find that almost half of the teachers revolted against it, because they said it would lower the standard of the school. Think of it! Lower the standard of the school to teach the girls how to sew and cook, and prepare themselves for a useful after life! I say there is no nobler thing than to be able to work with your hands.

Mr. Wilmerding was a working man, and in this school you are taught trades of value to you and to society; things you could never learn out of books.

There are two important days observed in this school, Founder's Day and Graduation Day. Founder's Day is not an ordinary day, and it seems to be growing in importance every year, perhaps because other schools are being patterned after this one.

The mechanical class of people is a necessity. The best doctors of to-day are those who teach us to stay away from doctors, and the best lawyers are teaching us to stay away from court; but the working class is a necessity.

While in the East I visited the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburg. It is classed among the best trade schools, but I do not hesitate to say that the work turned out here is as good as theirs. Of course there are some limitations there that do not affect you here, as for instance, there the bricklayers lay a few bricks and then tear them down, while here the work is practical and substantial.

I have visited schools throughout the United States and Europe. I visited schools in London, Glasgow, Liverpool, Manchester, Edinburgh, Berlin, Copenhagen and Belfast, and the work done here equals any I have seen.

There is a school in Belfast which was erected and equipped by the public at a cost of a million and a half dollars. In this school every trade in the large city of Belfast is taught, and yet you have one advantage over them; here you can begin at the bottom, while there you must know something of your trade beforehand. There are about forty-five hundred scholars in this institution. They teach trades in the daytime and academic work at night.

There is one thing which this country has neglected, and that is trade schools. It seems a blot on the name of our country that almost all our trade schools are from private endowment, and are not public institutions. I hope the time will soon come when there will be many more schools like the Wilmerding school in San Francisco.

Not every boy can enter this school, in fact, a boy must clear a pretty high hurdle before he can enter. There is wisdom in the way the choice is made, and I am glad it is so.

There is a spirit in our public schools that work is not respectable, but I say that the surest way to undermine our Republic is to encourage idleness.

People love to remember Lincoln, not because he wore a full dress suit and kid gloves, but because he could split a rail as well as any other man could. This is the best American spirit, and there are boys of the best American spirit in this school.

In England there are three classes: the working class, the middle or professional class, and the idle class. This country has but two classes: the idle, which may be divided into two classes, the idle rich and the idle poor, and the industrious class. To this last class we belong, and it is from this class that the best citizens spring.

A great Californian, in the hour of bereavement, once said: "The children of California shall be my children," and he founded a great institution of learning. Mr. Wilmerding was somewhat like him, and you are in a measure his adopted children.

Founder's Day is not a great day because Mr. Wilmerding's will was made on that day, but because it marks the establishment of a great institution. May you all prove yourselves an honor to the name of this school and to Mr. Wilmerding.

The Young Telegrapher's Visitor

W. J. Meacham, '12.

To be chief operator, batteryman and patrol of a telegraph line, and to perform all these duties at one and the same time, is a somewhat unusual experience in a telegrapher's life.

This was the nature of my earliest work as a telegrapher after leaving school. I had, in short, a little telegraph line all to myself, and I set to work with a will. Something seemed to be the matter with the line every day of the week.

The short-line or loop I was working was run by the Lone Peak Mining Company from the telegraph office at the railroad station to the mine, a distance of eleven miles. The line for the most part ran through the woods. This is the part of the line that troubled me most. Every few days a tree would fall across the wires and break them, but the most trouble was given me by the poles that supported the wires.

Wherever possible the wires were supported by trees, but when a tree was not handy, a shallow hole was scooped out and a pole set in, the holes being so shallow, in fact, that I had to pile stones around their bases to help brace the poles.

It was three or four of these poles and their rock piles, standing in a narrow ravine, that gave me the most trouble. A very peculiar circumstance was connected with these heaps of rocks that for over a year puzzled me very much.

There appeared to be no particular reason why any person or animal should move the heaps, yet invariably when I went that way I would find one, and sometimes all of these heaps, disturbed and the stones scattered around.

There was, of course, nothing else for me to do but to set to work and repile my stones, which was by no means easy work. As the ground around the poles was covered with pine needles, I could discover no tracks which would give a clue as to who the offender was.

Every one knows how, under certain conditions of the air, telegraph poles will hum. At the bottom of the ravine my wires were often humming. The operator down at the railway station formed some kind of a theory that the stone piles were scattered by magnetic force, but I only laughed at this.

This strange happening continued, however, without my coming to any solution until one day, as I was approaching the ravine to do some mending, I heard a marmot whistle and stopped to look for the gray-coated little creature.

Overhead the wires were humming loudly that morning. Presently I heard a noise in the brush at a distance up the ravine, as if some one were approaching through the woods.

It occurred to me to conceal myself and I did so, hiding behind a large

rock. The crackling sounds in the brush grew nearer and presently, lounging along, a good-sized bear, black as coal, came into sight. I thought that he was going right past, when suddenly he stopped and stood, swaying his head fitfully from side to side.

At first I thought that he had got my scent and I would have given anything to have had a gun, but this was not the case. The bear continued swaying his head for a few moments, stopping every now and then as if to listen. He then approached the base of one of the telegraph poles and clumsily climbed upon the rock pile, then got down and walked around it, again to rear up, as though listening.

Then, as if impatient, he clawed and scratched the stones away, until the pile was only about one-half its original height. I began to grow interested as well as kind of angry. What was the brute's motive or what did he hear or hope to get?

It must be the humming of the wires, I thought, as there wasn't any other sound. But what was there attractive in the humming noise? There must have been something alluring in it, however, for seemingly disappointed at not finding what he wanted among the rocks, he clasped the pole with his paws and, with a bearish grunt, he began ponderously to climb it.

The pole canted a little, but the beast got near the insulators and hung on there, whining to himself. It then came to my mind that the bear had mistaken the humming of the wires for the hum of a swarm of bees.

The animal hung on there for five minutes and it occurred to me that maybe I could steal around in back of him and hit him on the head with my heavy ax as he came down. It might be a ticklish business, but, having resolved to try it, I rose and stole out from my hiding place. I had scarcely taken a step, though, when old Bruin, seeing me over his shoulder, growled, and sliding down the pole bounded away, but I in the meantime had hastily jumped to the other side of the rock.

At first I thought that it was the same bear that made all the trouble, but on setting traps I caught three bears in about six weeks.

I guess the ravine was a kind of trail for the bears and the humming of the wires was what induced them to climb the poles in search of honey.

The Construction of an Oil Well

L. McMillan.

The oil wells which probably rank the third best in the world as producing wells and for quality of oil are situated in the southern part of California, in the Coast Range mountains of Santa Barbara County. They are known as the Santa Maria oil fields, and the wells are so numerous that in many places they are only fifty feet apart.

A well is first located by mining engineers or geologists, who examine the property and mark the spot most suitable for the drilling. After this is done, the stock is open to the public to invest in and is seldom sold for more

than fifteen or twenty-five cents a share at the start. When sufficient money is raised, the machinery is purchased and brought to where the well is to be, and then set up.

The next work in order is the construction of the derrick, which resembles a windmill tower in many respects, except that it is made of wood and built to a height of about eighty feet. A small temporary wooden shed is built adjoining the derrick in which is placed the engine. The fuel is gas or oil, if obtainable from a nearby well, but if the well is too far from this source of supply, wood is used.

The engine is for the purpose of drilling and pumping, and is first put to use by drilling the ground which has already been selected. The drill is a huge piece of steel with tremendous weight and so constructed that when it cuts through the earth the soil and rocks are thrown into it and carried out. When the hole is drilled a number of feet, casing is placed in the well to keep the earth and rocks from caving in. The casing is about eight or ten inches in diameter and is let down as quickly as the drill cuts through the earth.

This drilling or boring is kept up continuously for months, day and night without a stop, because the work is very slow and the depth of most wells is in the neighborhood of two thousand feet. The wells are seldom drilled over three thousand feet, and if there are no signs of oil at this depth the well is considered a loss, but in many cases oil is found at a depth of four thousand feet or more.

It is said the oil, which, it must be remembered, is in a crude form, lies in sand or shale beds under the mountains, and when it is found it is forced to the top of the casing by the strong gases. A cap is placed over the top of the casing, usually in time to prevent the loss of oil, and sometimes the oil comes unexpectedly and shoots as high as the top of the derrick, this being called a gusher. A gusher is readily capped and the oil led off into tanks holding fifty thousand barrels and into low basins of land, forming what is called a lake of oil; but sometimes more oil is forced up through the casing than can be handled by the accommodations of the well.

Oil is used to great advantage, being placed on roads, burned for fuel, and even pumped to seaports and used for fuel on ocean steamers.

It is said that enough gas is wasted from these wells to light up a large city; as there is so much of it, they do nothing at all with the waste. This natural gas is run up in pipes and burned day and night and pumped into nearby towns and used for lighting and cooking.

The oil in the tanks is perfectly black and very thick; from here it is pumped to the refineries and made into gasoline, kerosene and other oils. It has to go through several processes in the refinery for the different grades of oil, and when this is done it is canned or bottled and sold as we buy it.

The stock of the company by this time has gone up considerably, and if a well is a success in every respect the stock will rise from fifteen cents to twenty-five or thirty dollars a share.

?

Al. Samuelson, '12.

(With Apologies to Dickens.)

The Time.

It was the best of times; it was the worst of times. It was the right time; it was the wrong time. It was the time for writing; it was not the time for writing. It was the time to think; it was not the time to think. There was a heroine with dark hair on my left; there was a heroine with light hair on my right. Now it was eight o'clock; then it was ten o'clock!

"And still I had not thought of a title."

The Place.

It was the best of places; it was the worst of places. It was a good place; it was a bad place. It would be a cottage; it would be a flat. It would be a mansion; it would not be a mansion. Would my story be a good one; would my story be a bad one?

Now it was Tuesday; then it was Thursday.

"And all material for the 'Life' must be in by Friday."

The Girl.

She would be tall and slender; she would be short and stout. She would be gay and pretty; she would be blithe and—not pretty. She would be quick and witty; she would be sullen and observant. She—would—be—

"E-r-r-r ah-h-h-h-," I gaped aloud.

"Now it was eleven o'clock; then—!!! I was asleep."

I will beg the reader's pardon for breaking at the interesting part of my narrative. "But oh, you high school kid," can you imagine the awfulness of the idea. Asleep at the post. Material for my beloved school paper must be in the next morning. Boys, do you sympathize? Girls, do you pity? I was in a fix, and in a pippin, but list to my

Dream.

"Yonder is the leaning tower of which you have heard so much," said Priato, my Italian guide. At this juncture he gave me a significant glance. "No one knows why it leans," he whispered, "but I—I and my ancestors," he fairly shouted. Thus saying he screwed his face into a most hideous grimace, and waving his arms aloft, he fell into a trance before Pisa's leaning miracle.

It took me some time before I revived him. At last my efforts were rewarded. Slowly and feebly he arose to his feet. A moment he swayed to and fro, then hesitated and drew himself up to his full height before me. "The gods decree that I tell you," he murmured, "how yonder tower leans, at an angle, and"—here he burst with an exclamation in Italian, "I *shall* tell. You see," his accents were slow, irritable, dramatic, and monotonously

low, "that tower was built under the crust of the earth—by one man, my sixth ancestor. He was a great politician, and for some offense he was confined in a cavern hewed from rock especially for him, with enough food to last him three years by scanty usage. He was a prisoner in a dangerous prison. His only visitor was a spider, whose web was directly above his head, and as every day he watched, every day he learnt. Conceiving an idea of a tower, he set to work and modeled a miniature of atoms of sand, chips of stone, pieces of clay, and the spider knows what! This he set up with the spider's web at the bottom as a foundation. It is from this that your scientists got the idea of strength of a spider's thread. Floor by floor was built with the help of the visitor, until the tower reached the ceiling. By some unknown power the tower was forced through the earth, and when it came in contact with the air it expanded to its present dimensions, and the spider's web held as a foundation of concrete under the earth.

"Slowly and painfully Abodi, for that was the prisoner's name, climbed to the top of the tower. There on the lofty heights he bid defiance to his enemies, and while speaking an unknown disturbance took place in the cavern. One side of the foundation crumbled away until it reached the spider's web—and there it held. That is how the tower leans. Some day the other side will crumble," Priato went on, as he cocked one eye significantly; "on that day"—

"Bur-r-r-r-r-r-r!" came the hateful note of my alarm clock bell, and a disturbance certainly came to mar my dream but not my idea for a story.

The Derivation of Simple Words

What is more interesting than the study of derivation of words that have their origin in our own country? The greater number of words common to us, or the so-called English language, which was brought to this country by the early settlers, have their origin in England, France or other European countries. Most of the real American words have interesting stories attached to their origin. Take, for instance, that simple word "Polly," the nickname for a parrot, which is a truly American word.

In the city of New Orleans, where the inhabitants are for the most part French, the people in a certain section of the city usually keep parrots. Now it is customary for people, no matter what their nationality is, to want to show the ability and wisdom of their pets. It is the case here. When anybody would pass a certain house the madame would exclaim, with a sharp, imperative accent, "Parlez, speak!" and the parrot would instantly start off in the most remarkable manner. Now it came to pass that some American tourists would visit that portion of the city, and mistaking "Parlez" for the name of the parrot, began to use that word, slightly changing the spelling for the nickname of parrots.

Scarecrow Pete

E. J. Nichols.

Scarecrow Pete was the laughing stock of the Seven Oaks ranch. He was very small for a fifteen-year-old boy; he was also very thin and had red hair and freckles. He talked with a lisp and a slight Irish accent. But for all his strange make-up he was a big-hearted, kindly fellow, and behind all their joking and laughing the cowboys liked him, that is, all except Big Bill Stone.

Big Bill was boss of the Seven Oaks ranch, and as such liked to show his authority. But the cowboys would not stand much unnecessary bossing, and so it came about that Pete was the one who was kicked and cuffed around by the boss.

On the last day of the yearly round-up the boss was in a particularly bad humor because a small portion of the cattle had stampeded the night before and run headlong off from the bluff into the river. So it came about that poor Pete was abused more than ever.

Big Bill rode into camp about eight o'clock, after a fruitless search for stray cattle, and demanded his breakfast immediately. Pete began to prepare it, but he did not hurry enough to suit the boss.

"Why haven't you got my breakfast ready, you dirty little dago?" he demanded.

"I didn't know you were a-comin'," replied Pete.

"Didn't know I was a-comin', you——" and here he used all the names at his command. "Well, I'll teach you to know it next time," and seizing the boy by the neck he struck him with his riding-whip and then, giving him a kick, left him in a heap on the ground.

One of the cowboys, who came back for the wagon an hour later, helped poor Pete into it and made him a soft bed to lie on while they were on the road.

The wagon pulled up at the gate of the Seven Oaks ranch about seven o'clock that evening and Pete crept silently away to his bed in a small room over the stable and, in spite of the bruises on his back, was soon asleep.

About midnight he awoke suddenly from a sound sleep and sat up quickly. The room was lit up by a red glare and there was a roaring sound in the air. Pete got out of bed and ran to the window, from which he could see the farmhouse in a mass of flames.

He drew on some clothes and ran out to where a crowd of cowboys were standing, and as he reached them he heard some one say, "Poor Bill! he is probably suffocated or burned to a crisp already."

"No one could get in or out of that furnace alive," declared another.

Strange thoughts were running through Pete's brain. At first he said to himself, "It's good enough for him!" but then he wondered how he would feel if he were in there burning alive, and decided to save the boss.

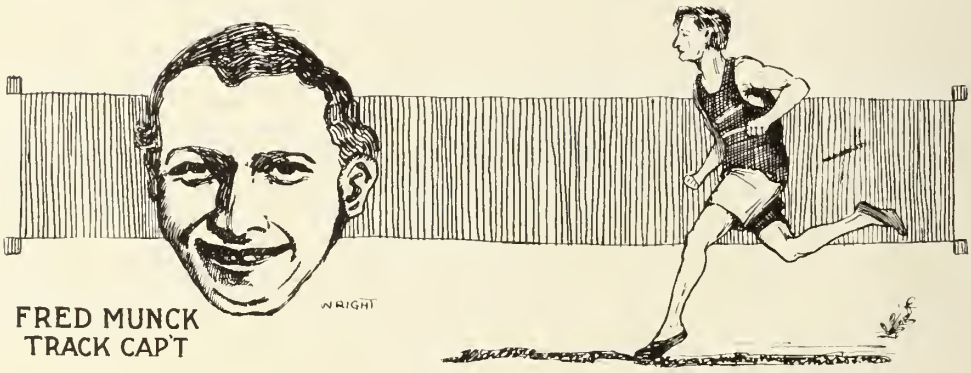
The cowboys had not noticed Pete, and now as they looked toward the house they saw the Scarecrow run, with his head down, into the mouth of the furnace. They called and shouted to him to come back, but he did not hear them.

As he entered the door he was almost blinded and choked by the smoke, but he stumbled on until he fell over something lying on the floor—the apparently lifeless body of Big Bill. He got to his feet and tried to lift the boss in his arms, but the boss's body was limp and he could not lift it. So he seized him by the feet and dragged him to the door, where he fell exhausted into the open air and knew no more.

When he awoke next he was in his own room in the loft and Big Bill was sitting beside him. As he opened his eyes the boss leaned over and took his hand.

"Pete," he said, with tears in his eyes, "you're the bravest man in Colorado, and I want you to forgive me for that beating I gave you, and after this you are going to share whatever I have."

Pete could not answer, but the look on his face told plainer than words that he was happy.

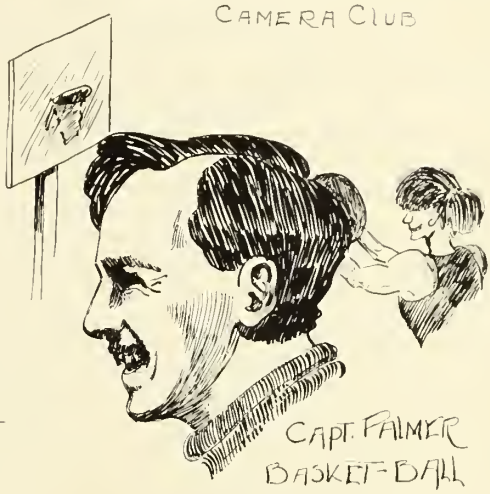


FRED MUNCK
TRACK CAP'T

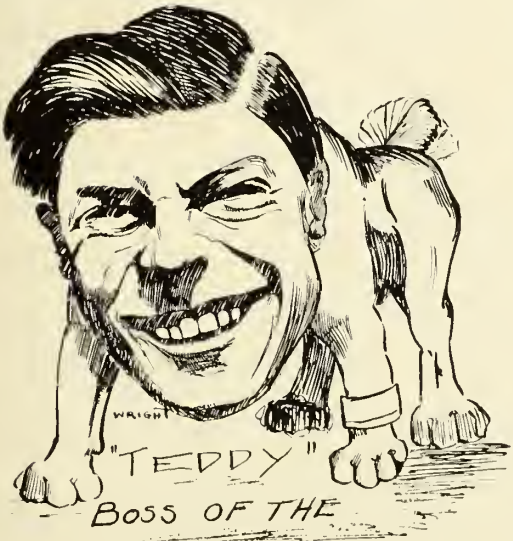
"BIG CHIEF"
RADEMACHER

"BUG" WILSON
CAMERA CLUB

"THE ADVERTISING KID"



CAPT. PALMER
BASKET-BALL



"TEDDY"
BOSS OF THE
"BUNCH"

"DOC. SCOVEL"
ASSO. EDITOR

The Wilmerding Life

Published quarterly by the students of the Wilmerding School of Industrial Arts, Sixteenth and Utah streets, San Francisco.

Copies of this issue will be forwarded to any address in the United States upon receipt of 25 cents.

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M. D. SCOVEL, '11 .... Associate Editors

ORMAN B. GLADDING, '11 ..... Manager

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M. D. SCOVEL, '11 ..... School Notes
FRED MUNK, '11 ..... Shop Notes
LOUIS SCHALK, '10 ..... Athletics
G. NOBLE, '12 ..... Exchanges
N. REINHERTZ, '12 ..... Photographer
PAUL BERNHARD, '11 ..... Jokes

STAFF ARTISTS.

R. E. Wright, '10 R. Taylor, '12 Prosek, '10

ASSISTANT MANAGERS.

W. Stephen, '12 R. Floodberg, '12 H. Hopps, '12
E. Coleman, '13.

Now that the time draws near for the opening of the Panama Canal, it becomes evident that an international fair to celebrate the event is necessary. The completion of such an undertaking is of great importance, not only to the United States but to all other countries as well. It is the greatest step ever taken for the promotion and advancement of commerce, and therefore its opening should be announced in some suitable manner.

The one practical place to hold such a fair is San Francisco. This is true in more senses than one. In rank as a commercial center it is the gateway between the Orient and America. It is far more capable than any other city in the West to accommodate the crowds that always attend a world's fair. At the present day San Francisco has far better hotel accommodations than the average city, and five years hence it can be safely said that it will excel the world in this respect. On account of the catastrophe of April, 1906, the world is interested in San Francisco's rapid recovery from its destruction. The marvelous rebuilding of a city of this size is attracting attention, and this alone makes it a greater drawing card than the average city.

The benefits to be derived from such a fair are almost without number. It would advertise San Francisco to the world as a commercial center, attract business men, who would see its future as a great city, and in countless ways be of great benefit to it.

We who are now attending high schools, and especially trade schools, are the ones who will really receive the greatest benefits from this. By that time we will have completed school and have attained a footing in the business we are to follow.

So let every one boost for the Panama-Pacific Exposition, for San Francisco and for California.

After much experimenting two inventions have been proven practicable. The aeroplane has been demonstrated as the only possible solution of riding the air, and the mono-railroad, which is now an accomplished fact, will soon take the place of the present-day double-rail cars.

Of the two, the mono-railroad is probably the newest invention, although the theory upon which it operates is one of the oldest. The car is kept from falling by the operation of two gigantic gyroscopes, which tend to spin at the angle they are placed and to resist any force that would change that angle.

The gyroscopes, which are made on the same principle as the gyroscope tops, are placed in a vacuum to reduce all unnecessary friction and made to revolve at great speed.

A car can be loaded as unevenly as possible or a heavy weight suddenly dropped on one side of it, but the action of these immense gyroscopes always exactly offsets the additional load. If one gyroscope were to stop, the other would keep the car up, and, if the power were shut off, the wheels would revolve in their vacuum for a couple of days and would have sufficient speed to keep the car steady for two or three hours.

The great advantage of this will be the cheapness in constructing roads. At present one of the great dangers of accident comes from the spreading of rails or a rail getting out of level. This causes great expense and care in construction and repairing the road, but with the coming of the mono-rail this will become a thing of the past. To take the place of bridges, the most expensive part of road building, a strong cable stretched tightly across the river or canyon to be crossed, will be all that is necessary.

Greater speed can be attained by the use of one rail, as this will reduce friction and thereby make it easier for the engines.

After considering the many advantages of the mono-rail, it can be seen that sooner or later the present double-track system will be superseded by the newer and better way.

Interclass athletics has always held great attraction for the novice and should be promoted in all schools. In Wilmerding the only interclass meets are those of track and baseball. It should be the same in other forms of athletics as well, for there is no reason why we should not have interclass basket-ball, swimming and football teams. It brings out more material from which the captains can select better teams. Often a new student is timid about trying out for the "big team," but would be willing to take part in something that is not "all-star." In this way many make good who would never have tried had it not been for interclass meets.

There is now in school a baseball banner on which the winning team each year may place its numerals. Some scheme like this could be followed in all athletics; this would make something additional to work for, as every class would want to have its numerals seen most.

The Camera Club

N. Reinhertz.

The Camera Club is still doing its share, as one of the most enterprising of school activities, by helping out the paper, assisting in the pictures at the athletic games and in many other ways.

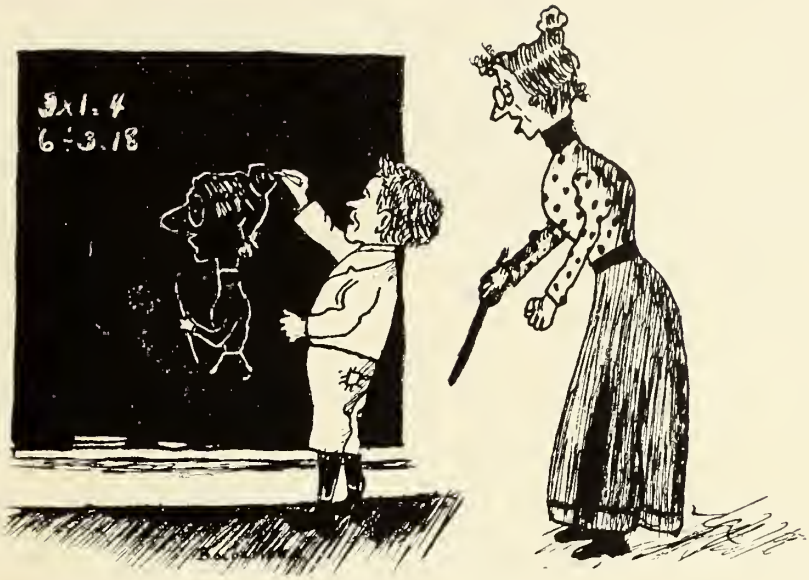
At the present time, on account of the weather, the fellows have little or no chance to show their workmanship, but as early spring approaches all styles of outdoor photographs will come pouring in. In the near future, we hope to receive a lecture from Mr. Christensen, our chemistry and science teacher, on the chemistry and general lines of photography.

Several competitions are to be held as soon as possible, and prizes will be distributed. These competitions are especially promising, as there are a number of members in the club who have gained much experience in photography in the last few months.

A number of outings will also be given as soon as Nature and the weather will permit us. These are generally held in the counties across the bay, and are both interesting and instructive.

At the present time there are a few vacant lockers in the dark-room, and if there are any freshmen who have cameras or are interested in photography, we will be glad to help them out. They are invited to come down at any time and inspect the dark-room.

SCHOOL NOTES



A Student Body meeting was held November 23, 1909, for nomination of officers of the Student Body for the coming term. The officers elected were: Malott, president; Skov, vice-president; Noble, secretary; yell leader, Floodberg; historian, Schalk; grounds and property committee, Greninger, Munk and Palmer; B. C. A. L. delegate, Malott.

December 8, 1909, was "Letter Day," and the meeting held was a good one. Walfisch, Malott and Salfield received "Block W's." A medal was presented Baumbaugh, who responded with a speech upon athletics in general, the fun there is in them, and then closed by telling of some of the good meetings held in days gone by.

So far this term no Student Body meeting has been held, unless a rally, held in the basement on February 2, in the interests of basket-ball, can be called one. Board of Control meetings have not been scarce, however, and a great deal of business has been transacted.

The first one was held on January 18, 1910. At this meeting Wilson and Scovel were made associate editors of the "Life." The basket-ball team was allowed $1.50 more to finish paying for new uppers.

At a meeting held on January 19, 1910, Floodberg's resignation as yell leader was accepted. A motion was made and carried that Rouda be appointed to fill his place. The question of entering a baseball team in the League was laid upon the table. A committee, consisting of Turnbull, McMillan and Greninger, was appointed to look up the baseball matter and report on it.

At the meeting on January 30, 1910, the baseball committee made their report on the baseball situation. Greninger and Turnbull were appointed to sell baseball posters, the proceeds of which were to buy interclass baseball championship pins. Malott and Turnbull were appointed to see about the pins. A motion was made that $10 be voted the track team for a vaulting pole. After much discussion the matter was laid on the table. Munk, Malott and Wright were appointed Field Day Committee.

A short meeting was held January 31, 1910, at which a motion was carried that $10 be recommended the track team for a vaulting pole. Chairman Munk of the Field Day Committee reported that an Inter-Department field day would be held on Wednesday, February 23, 1910.

Shop Notes

ARCHITECTURE.

As usual, the boys in the architectural room are busy on their plans.

Skov, Prosek and Wright are finishing their Class "A" building; Brauer, Shalck, O'Brien, Campbell and Mallot are starting their Class "C" plans; Strothoff, Warner, Pierce, Halling, Benis, Hansen and Munk are working on suburban residences. The other juniors are working on their originals and measurements, while the sophomores and freshmen are busy on their orders, plates and sheets.

A new department has been started for the architects. This is the course of detailing, the supervision of which Mr. Maybeck has undertaken. It includes full-sized ornamental and structural details and is a great benefit to the architectural students. The class in surveying has been organized and will soon be seen with level and rod on the oval.

CARPENTRY.

Mr. Grant has a busy lot of apprentices for his pupils. Turnbull has just finished a fine speaker's platform and is now making a desk for the Lick School. Daly and Rankin have been making some drawing-boards for architects in the city. Daly is now down at the new building with a bunch of assistants, setting window-frames on the third floor. The freshmen are making joints, newel posts and some are starting their roofs.

CABINET MAKING.

In the cabinet shop everybody except the freshmen, who are laboring on their joints, is making something in the line of furniture. Hennings is making a roller-top desk and Gibbs has finished a writing desk. Uhte is also making an office desk. "Pop" Wendering has been working on some dovetail boxes for the University of California, and Zecher has made a

LETTER DAY.

On Dec. 8, 1909, block W's were given out to those who had earned them during the year. There were but three given, but all were well earned.

Teddy Malott received his for his efficient work in track, and it took him two years to get it; nevertheless he was consistent throughout and never was discouraged. For the same reasons Sam Walfisch was awarded his block W. Last but not least was Dutch Salfield; it was his fifth one, showing how well he has represented the school.

A nice feature of the day was the presentation of a medal to Orval Baumbaugh in appreciation of the valuable boost he has given to athletics in our school. He was universally popular, and one of the best athletes ever in this school. His assistance to younger athletes was very beneficial and did much to foster school spirit.

Now you fellows ought to take more interest in your school and help to build up for it a name in the athletic world.

BASEBALL.

A baseball meeting was held and officers elected, but the school decided not to enter a League team for this season. The reasons are very apparent. There is no talent in school, worth talking about, that is heavy enough to compete against the larger teams, and as an unknown team is no drawing card, the school will devote its energies this year to building up a good standard of athletics instead of financing a poor standard, such as a baseball team. There will be at school, however, a series of interclass baseball games, on the oval and elsewhere, which ought to be interesting and help to provide a foundation for a good ball team in the future.

SWIMMING.

On Friday night, Dec. 12, 1909, the A. A. L. swimming meet was held at Sutro Baths. There was a bunch of Wilmerding fellows among the spectators out there, but they were not organized, having no yell leader. In the team Salfield was the best point winner from the school, making the school's total of 8 points. However, the meet developed some good talent among our entries that may spring some surprises next year. The 880 and 440 yard races were struggles between Salfield of Wilmerding and Margo of Lick, Salfield coming first in the 440 and Margo first in the 880, and each taking a second place.

At a recent meeting held in school, Val. Radamacher was elected captain and manager of the swimming team for the year of 1910, and we hope that he makes a success of his work.

The team which represented the school at the recent meet was composed of the following: Salfield, 440-880; Radamacher, 220 relay; Skov, 100 relay; Boldeman, relay; Malott, relay; Pierce, relay; Walfisch, relay.

TRACK.

In track there are at present all kinds of undeveloped possibilities for the new student and for any athlete, in any branch of running, jumping, etc. Many athletes of prominence have left schools this year, or graduated, and the field for activities is left open. Track is a popular and beneficial sport. You track aspirants, have a good captain and manager and a couple of older heads who know their business, they being able to help and encourage the new men. There are some fellows in the freshman class who are big enough to do wonders in track if they only gave themselves a chance. At the next interclass field meet buttons are to be given out to each fellow making six points. That fact and a chance to earn block numerals ought to stir up a couple of you fellows to do something.

The inter-department field day on Nov. 10th looked promising, but was spoiled by Jupiter Pluvius, who showered on the athletes. Of the few events, the half-mile was the first run off. It was won easily by Munk of the architects; Gibbs, cabinet shop, second, and Wright, architects, third. Next came a hundred-yard dash. It was won by Malott; Turnbull second. It was showering when Lenzen ran away from the field in the quarter. Newman finished second. The last event, before the rain drove in the bedraggled athletes, was the low hurdles, in which Rouda took a header into the mud and ended the performance.

George Turnbull has been elected manager of the team for 1910, and Fred Munk captain.

BASKETBALL.

Basketball started in earnest on Dec. 13, 1909, and the result of the practice from then until the first League game, has satisfied all. A team has been organized which, under the leadership of Capt. Palmer, bids fair to repeat the victories of last year's team.

Manager Scovel arranged for a couple of practice games, which were won by the team. The team, as chosen to represent us in the League, consists of Palmer and Wendering, forwards; Skov and Massed, guards, and Maddern, center. Jimmy Flood and Ted Malott are the first subs, and being efficient men themselves, show what good men we have on the regular team. Jack Palmer needs no mentioning. His past experiences speak for him. Skov is also a veteran of reliable caliber. Wendering is a "find." He bids fair to become one of the best forwards in the business. "Mike" Massed is a little fellow, but is a good game guard, and his motto is "Never say die." At last we have a center, Maddern. He has the right height, strength and build. In a short while he'll be able to place the ball in the basket without getting on his tiptoes.

Wilmerding, 41; Sacred Heart, 22.

The team was in the pink of condition for the opening League game, which was with Sacred Heart on the afternoon of Wednesday, Jan. 26, 1910. Sacred Heart was hopelessly outclassed from the start. We won by a score of 41 to 22. Palmer displayed his class as a goal thrower in this game. Wendering's throwing of field goals in this game was a revelation to the crowd which gathered in the hall. As a whole the game was satisfactory in every respect, and we hope the team will continue its success.

Wilmerding, 25; Poly, 14.

Our second game was played at Y. M. H. A. Hall, and there we also showed our class by defeating Polytechnic High School. The score was 25-14. By defeating Poly we have strengthened our hold on the chance of winning the League. The game was well contested and in the first half was marked by the brilliant goal throwing of Wendering. Palmer played well and was reliable in throwing fouls. The rest of the team acquitted themselves creditably. A good bunch attended this Friday night game, and we hope they will turn out well at the other ones.

Wilmerding, 33; Lick, 29.

You fellows that didn't come to this game missed it. Talk about your "Garrison finishes!" There was more excitement and spirit at this game than at any other one this season. When the game started late at Y. M. H. A. Hall, there was gathered a small, listless crowd. The blue and gold supporters thought Lick would be easy, but at the beginning of the first half things looked interesting and then dubious. Lick started off in a whirlwind fashion and at the end of the first half were on the long end of a 19 to 15 score. Skov and Wendering helped a great deal to get those 15 points. In the second half we came to life and things went on fast to near the end of the half, with Lick a little ahead. Jack Palmer was the bright and shining star with the others fighting all the time. Then the score was tied and the rooters went mad with delight. From then on to the end the excite-

ment was intense as the score passed from one team to the other. The game ended in a fierce struggle, and the audience went away well satisfied. One more obstacle has been removed from the championship path.

Wilmerding, 37; Lowell, 22.

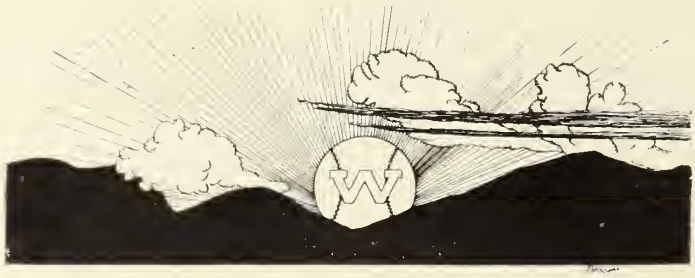
One step further to the sub-league finals and the championship. The game was pretty fair and hard fought, but the superior work of the W. S. I. A. team told on Lowell and she was defeated. A good crowd attended the game at Y. M. H. A. Hall.

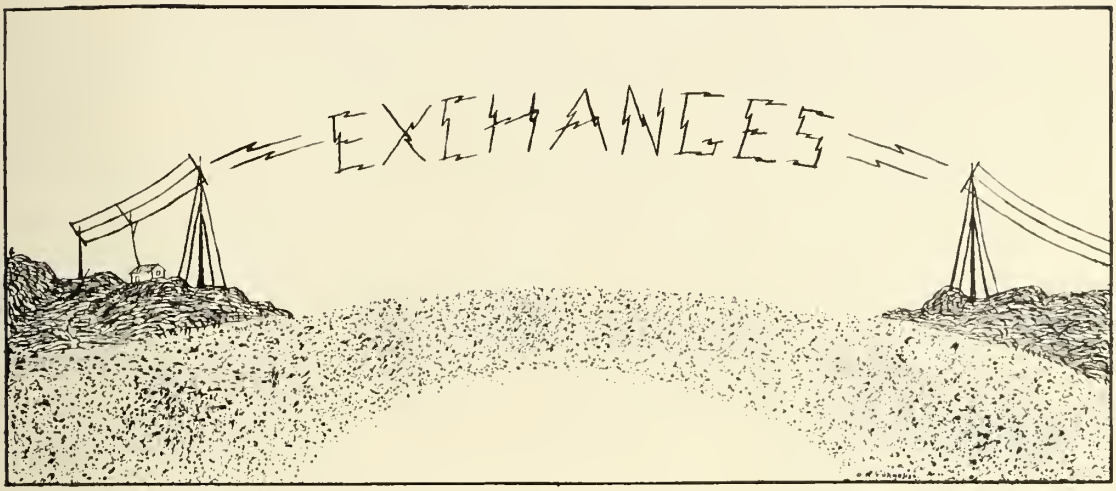
Wilmerding, 38; Commercial, 34.

The game was very good and exciting, and the playing of Maddern showed a marked improvement over his early form. The rest of the team played their usual consistent game. This victory puts us in line with Cogswell, and on even terms. If we beat Cogswell, and we have a good chance to do so, the team will be first. Here's hoping!

Cogswell, 45; Wilmerding, 12.

When the two leading teams began to play in the Pastime Club on Friday night, February 11, a packed house was on hand to watch them. The team from our school either took a slump or that from Cogswell improved considerably, for we were outclassed all through. Unless something strange happens, we will have to be contented with second place, which is good, considering the class of the players in the League. Among those of note present were "Buck" Trowbridge, "Jew" Vitt, "Bill" Orr, George Rodolph, Chauncy Miller, Batchelder, Batkin and the Stadtfelts.





The Black and Gold—We are very glad indeed to have you on our exchange list. Your paper is complete in every detail, though an attractive cover design would help towards greater success. "Bagatelle in A-Flat" is a neat little story. Your cuts are good, but some of your jokes are rather old.

The Cogswell—All departments are well written, especially the editorials, which contain good material. Your literary department contains some good stories, "Boss Takes a Hand" being rather humorous. Your exchanges are good, though why talk on athletics in this column?

The Comus—Except for arrangement, you are a good monthly paper. Inserting ads. between articles cheapens the general appearance of the paper, reminding one of a theater program. Your literary department is good, "Polly's Sacrifice," the first and best story, being rather pathetic.

El Gabilan—We are in receipt of two issues, the dates of which are a mystery to us. Your miscellaneous or editorial department would be improved if it contained your school address and a date. Otherwise all departments are good, especially the literary department, which contains numerous good stories. Your editorials contain a great deal of knocking, making this department uninteresting to outsiders.

The Hitchcock Sentinel—We are in receipt of many of your papers. You certainly have great ambition up there. With such spirit a great monthly paper could be gotten up. Why not try it?

The Scribe—Two of your issues are at hand, both being beyond criticism. It is hard to say which is really the best department, so in saying that every department is at its best we are giving our most honest opinion.

The Skirmisher—You are coming into a place with the top-notchers on this exchange. Your editorials are good, while your literary department contains some good stories, such as "An Adventure with a Snake" and "Caught in the

Lava Flow," both of which are interesting. Your exchanges are worthy of mention.

The Tocsin—Your September and November issues, representing about the best monthly papers received here, contain some humorous cartoons. Your arrangement is just right. "The Last Voyage of the Lucile" is a good story, holding one's interest to the end.

The Sotoyoman—Your October and November issues are very interesting. All departments are well supplied with material, while your cuts speak for themselves.

The Red and Blue—You are one of the neatest little papers at this exchange. "A Visit to the Italian Lakes," with the accompanying cuts, is very interesting, making the literary department the best part of the paper. Your cuts are neat and attractive.

The Madrono—Your November issue contains stories which are prize stories. Offering prizes for the best stories and poems, however, gives one the impression that the writers of good stories at Palo Alto High would rather write for these prizes than for the welfare of the paper. Your editorials have plenty of room for improvement, while your jokes fail to amuse outsiders.

The Review—From Lowell, Mass., comes *The Review*, a paper, except for arrangement, that is up to the standard. "For the School's Honor" is an interesting story with a good moral attached. All other departments are well edited, though most of your exchanges are rather brief. A cut at the head of this department would add to its appearance.

The Polytechnic, from Pasadena High, is a complete little paper throughout. We have no criticism to make.

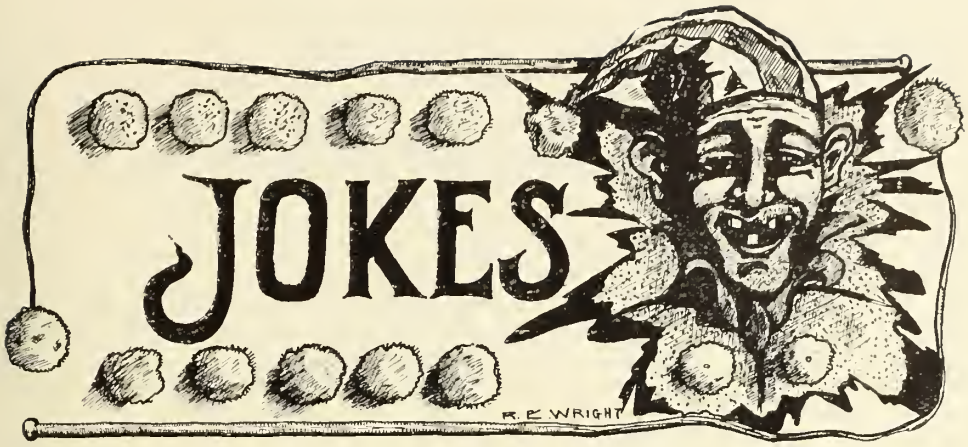
The Tattler—You are showing improvement in this issue. Your exchange column, as promised, is in this issue, but seems to be afraid to speak. With such a list of exchanges at hand, you could develop this department to a high standard.

The Tyro is a very neat paper, containing good reading in all departments. Your jokes are good, for they please outsiders as well as the members of your school. We hope to see a larger exchange next time.

The Owl—You are in a class by yourself. There is nothing to criticize. We extend our compliments to you on being able to put out such issues as those that have been received at the exchange.

Blue and White—Your November issue is neat, though a few more cuts would greatly improve your edition. The table of contents placed on the cover does not meet with our approval. Why not have a separate page for your contents?

We acknowledge the receipt of the following Christmas numbers: *The Tiger, The Commercial, Kodak, The Tattler, The Skirmisher, The Cogswell, The Manzanita, The Black and Gold, Guard and Tackle, The Adjutant, The Aegis, The Acorn, The Loyal Sons' Clarion, Blue and White, Ye Owl, E. P. H. S., Olympus, The Academian, The Oracle, The Tocsin, Red and Blue, Comus, The Magnet, Madrono, The High School Review, Ye Searchlight, The Mission.* We are also in receipt of the January issue of *The Owl.*



Well, Fellus, or Extracts from the Speeches of Famous Orators.

"Well, fellus, I'd like to see a few more of 'yous fellus' out on the track; we've got a good show this time."

"Well, fellus, it looks as though we're going to win this time; all we need now is support, and it's up to 'you fellus' to show up at the game."

"Well, fellus, I haven't got much to say, but I want all 'you fellus' to buy a paper. If you can't buy one, buy two."

"Well, fellus, what the captain says is right; just because we won the game isn't any reason why 'you fellus' shouldn't show up at the next one, and I expect to see a bunch of 'you fellus' out there this afternoon."

Miss Anderson (to illustrate negative quantities)—If you had two dollars and spent three dollars, how much would you have left?

Nichols—I wouldn't.

Walfish—That pie can certainly draw, Miss Bell.

Miss Bell—Draw?

Walfish—Yes, draw flies.

An Anaesthetic.

In a school where the principal believes in using the rod and not spoiling the child, a little boy was to be whipped. The principal looked fierce and asked: "What have you to say, sir?"

The little fellow, remembering his experiences in a dentist's office, said: "P-please, s-sir, m-may I take gas?"

Overheard In a Dining-car.

A man with a large Elk pin on his coat gave an order to the waiter.

Man (across the aisle)—Pardon me, what's your order?

Man (with large pin)—Elks.

Man (across the aisle)—Mine's stewed rabbits; I didn't know they had elks.

Notice.

Professor Yeager, the famous mathematician and mechanic, intends to give a course of lectures on Economic Housekeeping in the Assembly Hall of the new building on Septober the thirty-second, seventeen seventy-six, B. C. The students will be fully justified in buying tickets, as Professor Yeager is a great talker and promises to keep the audience interested. The hat will be passed after the performanc to support all the good causes in which the professor is so deeply interested. Tickets are now selling at two-for 25c apiece.

Answers to Correspondents.

Roache writes: "I am going to take a young lady out to dinner. What shall I order?"

Answer—A guardian.

Jack Palmer writes: "I fear I shall lose my hair. What shall I do?"

Answer—Put it in the safe deposit vault.

Rae writes: "I have a habit of oversleeping when I have to get up early. What shall I do?"

Answer—Stay up all night.

"Say, did you see Will?"

"Will who?"

"Why, Wilmerding, of course."

Same party, after thinking it over:

"Say, did you see Will?

"Will who?"

"Polytechnic."

Miss Edwards (after reading Steward's English papers)—Is this true, Steward?

Steward (very low)—I think so.

Miss Edwards (not understanding)—What?

Steward (a little louder)—I don't know.

Miss Edwards (not hearing)—What did you say?

Steward (loud)—No!

Teacher—You talk too much and don't think enough.

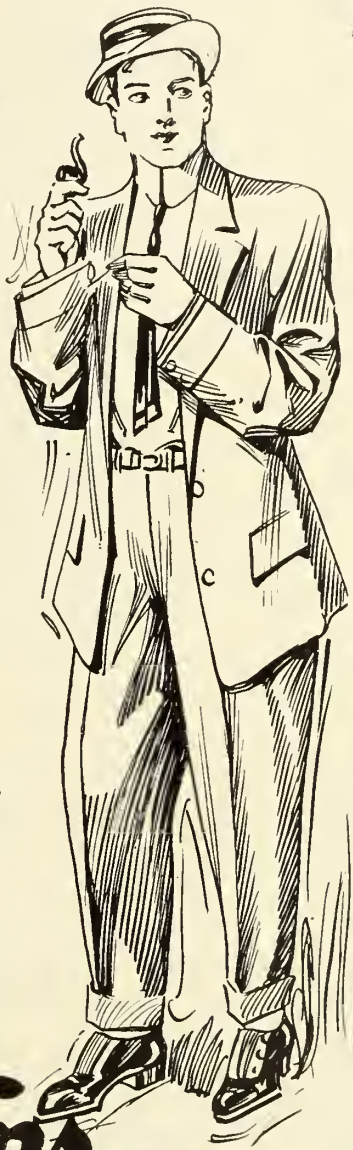
Student—That's the way I think—by talking.

First Student—Lend me your eraser, will you?

Second Student—It is a kneaded eraser.

First Student—I would not ask you for it if it were not needed.

Spring Clothes



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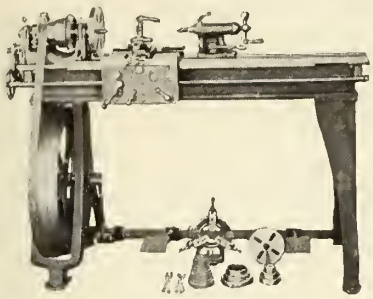

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Noble—Have you ever seen a horse fly?
Kreiss—No, but I have seen a kitchen sink.

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Reichhold—Thors, what are Mr. Wilmerding's initials?
Thors—W. S. I. A., of course.

Miss Anderson, who had been explaining a problem to Taylor, finally gave up, and said: "Taylor, where are your brains?"

Taylor, who was on the other side of the room, failing to hear the complete sentence and thinking she asked about his papers, replied: "I am afraid I left them home. I have been looking for them all day and can't find a trace of them."

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